Ophel. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would coſt you a groaning to take off mine edge.

Ophel. Still better and worſe.

Ham. So you miſtake your husbands. Begin murtherer, leave thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing,
Conſiderate ſeaſon, elſe no creature ſeeing,
Thou mixture ranke, of midnight weeds collected,
With *Hecats* bane thrice blaſted, thrice infected,
Thy naturall magicke, and dire property,
On wholſome life uſurps immediately.

Ham. A poiſons him i'th garden for his eſtate, his name's *Gonzago*, the ſtory is extant, and written in very choice Italian: you ſhall ſee anon how the murtherer gets the love of *Gonzagoes* wife.

Ophel. The King riſes.

Quee. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Give ore the play.

King. Give me ſome light, away.

Pol. Lights, lights, lights. *Exeunt all but Ham & Horatio.*

Ham. Why let the ſtrucken Deere goe weep,
The Hart ungalled play,
For ſome muſt watch whileſt ſome muſt ſleep,
Thus runs the world away. Would not this ſir, and a forreſt of feathers, if the reſt of my fortunes turn Turk with me, with provincial Roſes on my raz'd ſhooes, get me a fellowſhip in a city of plaiers?

Hora. Halfe a ſhare.

Ham. A whole one I.
For thou doeſt know O *Damon* deare
This realme diſmantled was
Of *Jove* himſelfe, and now raignes here
A very very paiocke.

Hora. You might have rim'd.

Ham. O good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghoſts word for a thouſand pound. Didſt perceive?

Hora. Very well my Lord.

Ham. Upon the talke of the poiſoning.

Hora. I did very well note him.

Ham.

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